Will Graham Had a Secret

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Will Graham Had a Secret

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Summary

Will Graham has a somewhat slutty past. What happens when he meets Hannibal Lecter and discovers his proclivities may not be as secret as he might have hoped?

Notes

I know I should be continuing with my other story, but I had this idea for this filthy little one shot in my head and had to write it!

One minor warning is that Will uses some language early on (in reference to himself) that could be taken as insensitively heteronormative at best or, at worst, a tad homophobic. Rest assured, this is just Will's way of dealing with his own discoveries about his sexuality and are not in any way the views of him or, in fact, me.

Also, Will and Hannibal both have a somewhat lax approach to safe sex. It's OK for them because this is a fictional world and I won't let bad stuff like STDs happen to them. But real life is different, folks!

Will Graham had a secret.

It had all started in his freshman year of college in the mid-nineties, when his then girlfriend, Mandy, had been going down on him. Will had been spreadeagled on his bed, writhing as Mandy worked him mercilessly with her tongue when she'd suddenly pulled away and asked if Will wanted to try something new. Will had been so turned on that he'd simply panted out a yes and watched as Mandy sucked two of her fingers into her mouth and licked them until they gleamed, before lowering her head back to his dripping cock. As she sucked him down, right to the back of her throat, Will had felt the unfamiliar — but certainly not unwelcome — sensation of Mandy's fingers pushing into his asshole. He'd let out a deep groan as she slowly fingered him, finding his prostate and pressing until he came screaming down her throat.

After that, Will found he enjoyed nothing more than Mandy playing with his ass during sex. They swiftly moved from two fingers to three to four before his girlfriend had suggested using toys. Will had been unsure at first. His girlfriend's fingers were one thing but a toy designed to look and feel like a dick conjured up thoughts he didn't really want to entertain. But when Mandy showed up one night with a seven-inch dildo and a bottle of lube, Will found himself a lot more open to suggestion. And when Mandy showed up a few weeks later with an eight-inch strap-on, Will just couldn't say no.

He still loved what he considered 'normal' sex with Mandy too and couldn't get enough of her beautiful pussy, dripping wet around his cock, but he equally loved being pounded into and found he had his most intense orgasms when his prostate was being teased by fingers or a toy.

A few months down the line, Will and Mandy broke up and Will found it hard to deal with. It wasn't as if he was short of dates, far from it in fact. He might have been considered 'odd' by most of the campus, but his puppy dog eyes, wayward curls and toned physique meant women pretty much queued up to go out with him. The problem was that he didn't feel confident asking for what he truly wanted from them. He reasoned that, while they might be fine sticking their fingers up his ass, they also really might not be. And then they might go telling people.

He was already 'odd Will Graham' to a lot of people, he didn't want to be 'odd Will Graham, the freak' as well.

As a result, Will's sex life began to dry up. While he loved sex with women, it became increasingly unsatisfying, never really getting what he wanted. He resorted to masturbating whenever he got some privacy, using the toys that Mandy had left to scratch that itch he'd been feeling ever since they broke up. But even that became less and less satisfying. While he could enjoy feeling full and having his prostate stimulated, he missed the feeling of a warm body pressing against him, pushing into him, so he began to consider his options.

He could use the internet to find a woman who shared his proclivities. However, the downside of this was that the only internet access he had was either at the campus library or at one of the internet cafés in Baton Rouge. He didn't feel comfortable using public computers to organise something like this, plus he wasn't sure how many women in the locality would be interested. If he only found one, he didn't want to end up basing a relationship on the fact that she was happy to play with his asshole for him.

His other option, he thought, was to visit a gay bar and pick up a guy. Will was confident he wasn't gay, he was definitely attracted to women and had never met a man he was attracted to, so he couldn't say for certain that he was bisexual. But if all he wanted was a warm body shoving something up his ass, he figured a gay bar was probably a good place to start. He could drive the hour to Lafayette to be sure of anonymity and see if he could find a hook-up for the night.

That's how he had found himself in a crowded, seedy looking gay bar in Lafayette, drinking his second whiskey and trying to work out how the hell you approached someone to say, "Hi! Fancy sticking your cock in my ass?"

Will was all set to give up and leave when a man approached him. He was a little older than Will, scruffily dressed and rakishly handsome with a devilish smile.

"Now aren't you the prettiest thing in here, boy?"

A few minutes of small talk later and Will had followed him — he didn't even get the guy's name — to the restroom, feeling a stirring excitement in his gut that he was *finally* going to get what he wanted.

It didn't take long. Will followed him into one of the stalls and the guy pushed him face first against the wall, kissing and biting his neck as he fumbled with his belt. Within seconds, Will's pants and underwear were around his ankles and the stranger was shoving two spit-soaked fingers roughly in and out of his ass. Will's erection was leaking freely and he was having to bite his own fist to keep himself from groaning too loudly. Two fingers became three and then Will heard a zip being pulled and the sound of a condom being unwrapped. Moments later and he could feel the guy's cock head pushing at his hole before sliding on in. Spit didn't make great lube so it hurt like hell but Will didn't care. The feeling of being ploughed into, being stuffed full was amazing. The guy was grunting obscenities at him, calling him a whore, a cockslut, a desperate little come-dump, but this just turned Will on even more and before he knew it, he was coming untouched all over the stall door, clenching down hard on the stranger who came seconds later.

After that, there were no formalities. The man flushed the condom, zipped himself up and left the stall, leaving Will to tidy himself up on shaking legs.

Driving back to campus, Will tried to ascertain what he had felt. He had appreciated the guy was handsome, yes, but he hadn't particularly been attracted to him. He hadn't *wanted* him. He had, however, very much wanted what was between his legs and Will had no idea what that said about him. It wasn't something he wanted to explore in too much detail, if he was being honest.

Over the next few years, Will found himself back at the bar at least once a month, usually more, except during the few brief periods when he would have a girlfriend. Over that time he guessed he must have been fucked by more than a hundred men in the restroom, the parking lot and even in a nearby motel, but he'd lost count after the first few. Occasionally, there was more than one in a night.

Many were quick and rough like the first guy, others were more tender, often wanting Will's number afterwards. Will always refused, preferring the ease of anonymous sex. Many used condoms, but just as many didn't. Will didn't really care either way, but he enjoyed being taken bareback, feeling their cocks inside him before feeling their hot come leaking out. He knew it wasn't a safe way to have sex, but he got himself tested every few months to make sure he was clean. Most just wanted a quick fuck, but some insisted on kissing and foreplay. At first Will had been reticent, feeling that would be stepping over a line he wasn't sure he wanted to cross, but he soon came to enjoy the feeling of kissing a man, of having his cock fondled and sucked by one and, eventually, he even came to like reciprocating. But nothing beat the feeling of being pounded into by a big, beautiful dick, and that's what kept Will coming back.

He eventually came to terms with the fact that he was bisexual and that he was attracted to men as well as women, but he didn't feel like he wanted a relationship. The sex was thrilling and it had the effect of keeping him grounded while he concentrated on his studies.

Of course, all good things must come to an end and when Will graduated to join the police academy, he realised he couldn't keep having illicit sex in bars, not when his job was law enforcement. So he stopped, occasionally hooking up at home with people he met online but not having sex anywhere near as regularly, even with women.

And when he moved to Virginia and began teaching at Quantico he felt as if he couldn't even do that. This came after he got chatting to someone online and realised that they were, in fact, one of his students. Thankfully, the student didn't know it was him, but *that* was a risk he wasn't willing to take, so his online hook ups vanished too.

At this point, though, Will's mind wasn't in a place to think about sex and relationships. Over the years he had become more withdrawn, finding the boundaries between reality and his imagination beginning to crumble. This wasn't helped by Jack Crawford, head of the FBI's Behavioural Science Unit, asking him to come back into the field as a consultant, and Will found himself adrift without his old anchor of fulfilling sex to ground him.

And that was how he found himself with an unofficial therapist in the form of Hannibal Lecter. Will knew therapy wouldn't work, knew exactly what *would* make him feel better, but didn't have a clue how to even get back in that game again. Things like Tinder and Grindr held too much risk of being spotted by someone he knew and he wasn't sure how he felt about people knowing he was bisexual when he'd never even had a proper relationship with a man. And he had to face it, at nearly forty, he felt too old to be trying for bathroom sex in seedy bars.

However, it *really* didn't help that he found his therapist insanely attractive. Tall, broad and muscular with chiseled features and a Lithuanian accent that positively oozed sex. Will could certainly imagine that Dr Lecter's cock up his ass would help his situation no end, but it would be beyond unethical to proposition his therapist — even if they were unofficial. Sometimes he thought Dr Lecter was looking at him flirtatiously, but he told himself it was just wishful thinking, that Hannibal would certainly not be interested in him like that.

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Weeks into his therapy and Will was sitting across from Dr Lecter, talking about his latest crime scene when he noticed an odd look cross the older man's face.

"Is something the matter, Dr Lecter?"

The psychiatrist paused for a moment, as if considering something before continuing. "There's something I've been struggling with, Will. I've been wondering if I should tell you or not and I can't decide whether it would be more unethical to tell you or to keep you in the dark."

"I prefer honesty, Dr Lecter. If you're withholding something from me then it hardly sets the right balance of power for therapy."

"I thought you believed therapy didn't work on you."

"You're doing nothing to change that belief at the moment, Dr Lecter."

Will watched as the man seemed to resolve some kind of internal struggle before saying, "You don't remember me, do you?"

Will was confused. "Remember you? From where? I didn't think we'd ever seen each other before until we met in Jack's office."

Dr Lecter smirked. "I'd say it was, maybe, eighteen years ago or so. We met in a bar in Lafayette."

Will felt himself go pale. He only ever went to one bar in Lafayette back when he lived in Louisiana and he never spoke to anyone unless he was going to let them fuck him senseless. He stared at Dr Lecter's face, not making eye contact, mentally going through all the men he'd had back then, until it hit him.

The last night before he joined the police academy.

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Will had gone to the bar knowing he would never be back. This was one last night, one last fuck before he reverted to women and sex toys only, helped along by the occasional male date organised online. He had driven there as usual, ordered a whiskey and taken a seat at the bar.

Many of the men there knew his reputation, knew he was an easy lay and after just one thing, and he saw them eyeing him, deciding to approach him later when they'd had a few more drinks. While he waited, he saw a man about ten years older than himself take the seat next to him. The man was tall and well-dressed, looking like a male model with his handsome face, slicked back hair and black suit and tie. God, he was gorgeous.

The man saw Will looking at him and smirked, holding his eye contact for an excruciatingly long time before licking his lips, getting out of his seat and moving towards the restroom. Will gave him a minute before he followed.

Will found the man leaning against the stalls, gazing insolently at him. "I've never seen you here before," Will murmured.

"I'm just travelling through. What about you?" The man's voice was deep, with a delicious foreign accent that Will couldn't quite place.

"I'm leaving tomorrow. New job, new city." Will was careful with details, he didn't want to give away too much about himself.

"So we're ships passing in the night…" With that, the man pulled Will forward, kissing him deeply and invading his mouth with his tongue. Will walked them back into the nearest stall, locking the door behind them and feeling the man's hands gripping his hips. They kissed for

what felt like forever, until Will's erection was painful against his jeans. He could feel the older man's erection rutting against him and he began to grow impatient.

"I want you to fuck me," he demanded, not seeing anything wrong with getting straight to the point.

"Patience…" The man hissed against his lips, sliding down to kiss Will's neck as his hand moved to undo Will's pants, letting them fall to the floor along with his boxers. Will gasped as the cool air of the bathroom hit his hot cock and then gasped again as the man dropped to his knees and took Will down to the hilt in one swallow. Christ, that was a talented mouth! Will moaned and felt so wanton as he spread his legs wider, leaning back against the door. The man made him feel incredibly desired and desirable as he sucked, licked and swallowed around his erection, gently playing with his balls with one hand.

Will heard a *click* and correctly guessed that the man had used his other hand to open a bottle of lube. He felt the hand come away from his balls and then soon felt it slip further up between his legs, a slick finger pressing at his entrance. The finger slipped in easily and Will let out a gasp at the sensation of having his cock sucked while his ass was fingered. It was only seconds before the man added a second finger and began to twist and scissor them, stretching the young soon-to-be-cop open. A third finger pushed in, followed by a fourth, all the while pushing against his prostate and Will groaned as he was overcome by sensation.

All too soon, though, the feeling was gone, as the man pulled off his cock and removed his fingers. Will watched as he unzipped his slacks, freeing an enormous erection that had Will salivating in anticipation. The young man went to turn round, to brace himself against the door as he normally would, but the older man stopped him.

"No," he said through his swollen, spit-soaked lips. "No, I want to see you." With that, Will found himself being lifted up and pressed against the door as his trousers and underwear were pulled from round his ankles. Will instinctively wrapped his bare legs around the man's clothed waist and thrust against him, throwing his head back as he moaned. The man, meanwhile, lined his erection up with Will's hole and thrust in with one, deep movement. Will let out a litany of profanities while the man muttered a stream of words in a language the younger man didn't recognise.

It was easily the best sex Will had experienced. The man's huge cock was filling him beautifully, while his gorgeous mouth kissed Will's lips, and neck, leaving sucking bites

around his collarbone. That monstrous cock hit his prostate with every thrust, while Will's own not insubstantial dick was caught between them both, rubbing between their heaving torsos.

Will knew he was on the edge of a stupendous orgasm and when it hit it did not disappoint. His cock jerked uncontrollably between them as it spilled come all over them both, his ass clenched down hard around the other man's erection, pulling out his own climax which came with a growl and a bite under Will's jaw.

They stayed like that for some time, Will pressed against the door, the man holding them both up as they panted into each other's necks. Eventually, the man's softening cock slipped out of Will and he felt himself being set down on the floor.

He was a mess. Come was leaking from his hole, while his jumper was covered in even more. The other man hadn't fared much better, with come all over his shirt. Will watched him as he wiped it off before fastening his jacket to hide the mark.

He leaned in to kiss Will softly, almost reverently, before leaving the stall.

Will was shaking from the force of his orgasm and had to sit down on the toilet for a minute before wiping himself clean, pulling his underwear and trousers back on, and discarding his ruined jumper. He could leave the bar in his t-shirt, no one would even notice.

As he left, he saw the man sitting back by the bar and Will found himself fighting the urge to join him. But now was not the time to get attached to someone, especially not someone who was only passing through the area on the night before Will left it for New Orleans. With some reluctance, he left the bar, put himself in his car and drove home.

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Will tore himself away from this memory and had enough presence of mind to whisper, "It was you. That night before I went to join the police. It was you."

Dr Lecter nodded. “I must confess, Will, I’ve thought about you often over the years, wondering who you were and what may have happened to you. I deeply regretted not asking for your number before you left the bar. You truly were the most beautiful man I had ever seen. You still are, for that matter.”

Will smiled smugly at the praise, but let Dr Lecter continue. “When we met again in Jack Crawford’s office, I recognised you at once, but I knew you didn’t remember me and I’ve struggled since then as to whether or not to tell you.”

“And what do you hope to gain from telling me, Dr Lecter?”

“I hope to gain nothing more than you’re willing to give. If you want things to go on as they have been, then they can. But if you would like, shall we say, a repeat performance, I would certainly not be averse to that.”

“A repeat performance, as you put it, does sound tempting. I’ve not been with a man in a very long time now and I’ve certainly missed it.”

“Would you consider… *more than one* repeat performance, Will?”

Will thought about this, cock stirring inside his pants. On the one hand, he hadn’t had a relationship for a *very* long time. On the other, dating Dr Lecter would give him the sex he craved with someone he was attracted to, without fear of being discovered doing something illicit. And he was *extremely* attracted to Dr Lecter.

“Potentially,” he replied. “Although I couldn’t guarantee you wouldn’t get bored of me. I’m not an easy person to date.”

“I don’t think you’re an easy man to get bored of, Will.”

“Well, then, Dr Lecter, Hannibal, what about that first repeat performance? I think we’re both a bit old for the restroom in a bar, but I’m flexible.”

Hannibal smiled softly at Will. “To be quite frank, Will, all I’ve been able to think about since meeting you again is taking you on my desk.”

Will grinned and leaned back in his chair. His smile quite clearly said *come and get me then* and Hannibal didn’t disappoint him, standing up striding over and dragging Will to his feet before pressing their lips together in a fierce kiss.

It was nothing short of electrifying as their tongues explored each other’s mouths and Will felt Hannibal press up against him, walking him backwards towards the desk. When Will felt it hit the back of his thighs, he pulled himself up to sit on it, spreading his legs and pulling Hannibal in between.

He could feel his cock straining against his fly, and he could feel Hannibal’s own, equally hard, pressing against his abdomen. They were panting against each other’s mouths now, the kiss getting sloppy as they were both overcome with arousal.

“Will,” Hannibal breathed. “You’ll forgive me if we forgo too much foreplay beyond me preparing you? I’ve waited nearly two decades for this moment and I don’t think I can exercise my usual self-control.”

“I just want you to fuck me,” Will gasped between kisses. “We have all the time in the world for foreplay. Later.” His hands moved to his fly and he swiftly undid his trousers before shucking them off along with his shoes, socks and underwear. He lay back along the surface of the desk, his feet perched on the edge to display his proud cock and tight, rosebud asshole. Years of nothing but the occasional sex toy meant he was tight as a virgin and he couldn’t wait to feel Hannibal stretch him.

The psychiatrist quickly fumbled in his desk drawer and pulled out a small bottle of lube. He didn’t even look embarrassed as Will raised a quizzical eyebrow at him. “I must confess, Will, I’ve been hoping for this outcome since we met again.”

With that, he slicked up his fingers and proceeded to tease Will’s entrance before sliding a single digit in all the way. Will almost came there and then at the familiar sensation of being

filled by another person but managed to choke it back, simply opening his legs wider and murmuring, “More, Hannibal.”

A second finger was added and Hannibal began to slowly stretch him, scissoring and twisting his fingers, and touching that sweet spot that made Will arch off the table. When Will felt suitably loosened, Hannibal added a third, and then a fourth finger, pumping them leisurely in and out of the younger man’s ass.

“I can’t wait to take you back to my home, Will.” Hannibal’s voice was deep and sensual as he watched Will squirm and gasp. Will knew he was a sweaty mess but he had never felt more sexy, more desired. “I’m not sure I’ll ever be able to let you leave. I want to keep you in my bed for as long as I can, fucking you over and over. Letting you fuck me as well. Have you ever fucked a man, Will?”

Will managed to gasp out a no as he imagined himself fucking Hannibal. He’d only ever wanted to be on the receiving end before, but that thought just wouldn’t leave his head now. He imagined the tight heat of Hannibal’s body and it was all he could do not to come right there.

“Yes, Will, I’d let you fuck me. But something tells me you like being filled so perhaps I’d let you fuck me while you wear a plug? Or while I pushed a dildo in and out of you?”

Will cried out at the thought as Hannibal continued. “Over the years, Will, I’ve owned a vast number of toys. My favourite thing to do is pleasure myself while deep throating one of them, imagining it’s you. You tasted wonderful, Will…”

“Oh, fuck! Hannibal, please fuck me now. I’m ready. *Now*.”

Hannibal smiled and hastily obliged, quickly withdrawing his fingers and freeing his cock from the confines of his suit trousers. He quickly slicked himself up with more lube and thrust straight into Will without warning. Will knew neither of them would last long so he threw his head back and simply enjoyed the sensation of Hannibal’s dick once again thrusting in and out of him after all these years.

Hannibal was big and his cock seemed to brush Will's prostate on every stroke. This was only enhanced when Hannibal bent down over him and kissed him deeply as his hands dug into the younger man's hips. With a strangled yell, Will came hard, his whole body quivering, his back arching as his come splashed between them, ruining his shirt along with Hannibal's suit jacket and waistcoat. Hannibal followed quickly, grunting out Will's name as he filled him with come and collapsed on top of him.

After what felt like an eternity, the two of them moved, both hot and sticky but not really caring. Hannibal grabbed some tissues and cleaned both of them up, before tucking himself back in and doing up his trousers. Will scrambled about to find his underwear and pants before dressing himself, scowling at the mess on his shirt and deciding simply to put his coat back on to spare his blushes as he left the building. He watched Hannibal remove his jacket and waistcoat, leaving just the clean shirt underneath and marvelled at how gorgeous the man was.

"You can borrow one of my tops when we get to my house, Will. Would you do me the honour of staying with me tonight?"

Will smirked and kissed Hannibal tenderly. "After that performance, Dr Lecter, you'll have trouble getting rid of me."

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